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AND HOUSEHOLD

THAN

PURPOSES.

LAIRETTE



HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1893.

PRETTY POEMS

Love's Language Debused. When guiden speech was given mac, Fair Venus then proposed a plan, That poets through all coming time Might sing their leves in jingling rayma She called the bluest other "akles" And rhymed them with a malden's "eyes; She called the tender passion "love," And typified it by a dove.

Hopkinsville

She took the world's suprement bliss And rhymed it with a maiden's kiss; She framed a word for each caresa, The sweetest of them all was "yea."

This was a truly wise arrangement But soon came days of coldestrangume And now we find that even "wife" ssionally rhymes with "strife."

For when a man now takes a mate, It sometimes, later, rhymes with "hata." Since love tales now are mostly told To music made by jingling gold. The world no longer knows the joy Of Venus and her smiling boy! It worships, in stupidity. Not Cupid, but cupidity. —MacGregor Jenkins, in Brooklyn Life.

The Royal Test. "A king who honors his own word as lif it wer his God's."—Tennyson.

Great was the singer who sang.
And greater the song that he gave:
Nobly the music outrang;
This is the truth that we have: Such is the soul of a king.
(He is thy friend's or thine.)
Whose word is his sacred thing.
Accounted by him divine.

He is the king, I teach, -Though born of the throne or the sod-Who doth but hence his speech As if it were said by his God. -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in Youth's

I Cannot Tell.

It all these faver'd longings
For something that to-day's walks do not hold,
Would be stilled in having them, or weary
When the tinsel 'gins to show beneath the

Or mayhaps when our mind's scope do be Our noblest thoughts these yearnings will dis-And read a brighter measage in the stars—
I cannot tell.

Yet if beyond life's shadows Some sweet hope may lie. Or if the eyes we love will beam the brighter, When the tears they weep for us he dry. Or when this day has died away in shadows And naught in all our future does seem well, Will tell our hearts "Ah, yesterday was fair!"

I cannot tell—
If the aweet wild roses
That flug their fragrance round my path to-

Would be as sweet as if some one did not love And turned the offerings of my heart away. Or, if some one whispered her more softly, And broke the magic of my love's sweet spell, My heart would turn in scorn or break in

-0. W. Ogden, in Kansas City Star.

Here's to Her!

My theme is one that's been too long unsung—
i sing the weman who can hold her tongus,
At evening circle, plenic or high tea,
In fact, wherever she may chance to be,
And listen to the goash of the town—
How Mrs. A has turned hor cashmere gown,
And Mr. Il has cut young Dr. C
For tolling tales of fifty Widow D,
And Lawyer E is smitten with Miss F,
And Deacon G is fast becoming deaf,
And O' much more—as if she never heard
Of all the censeless that a single word—
And who—not only at such times as these—
I mean laws parties, sewing bees and teas—
But at all season, when it's for the best,
Can keep her thoughts close prisoned in her
breast, Here's to Her!

And though a spark may glitter in her eya. Alasi siasi let no one look at me.
For with regret I own I am not she,
Were I, I really shouldn't think it wrong. For ence, to celebrate myself in song.
But she must be somewhere, so I had sung.
The wondrous woman who can hold her tongon.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Children's Room. How peaceful as night The sleeping children lie.
Each gentle breath so light
Escaping like a sligh!
How tranquil seems the room, how fair
To one who softly enters there!

Whose hands are those, unseen.
That smooth each little bed?
Whose locks are those that lean.
Over each pillowed head?
Whose lips caress the boys and girls?
Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are the yearning eyes.

And whose the trembling tear?
Whose heart is this that cries.
Beseching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's, in whose face
Lare shows its sweetest dwelling place?

Her hopes in beauty bloom,
And Heaven sends down its light,
Which lingers in the room
Where mother says: "Good night,"
Boft treading by the sieepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!
—Huffalo Commercial.

The Word He Didn't Say. then we went to campmeetin' I had a word t But I kept a puilln' roses till they all was in the way! An' I did say: "Here's a red 'un! an' this vio-Where they will open one of the largest

let...ain't it blue!"
But what I wanted most to say was..."ain't as
sweet as you!" was out. Fer I seen your curls a-shiniu'on your neck, an'

To say to you, and that was jes' the one that wasn't heard:

bright curls round your brow, I'll say, I love your an an an I'm levin of -Prank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution. Keep Your Eye on the Compass. Keep your eye on the compass

If the sea runs high,
And the ocean's inky billows
Mock the blackness of the sky;
When beating up against the winds
So pittless and strong.
Reep your eye on the compass
And you can't go wrong.

Keep your eye on the compass, And your white light trimmed, Though the moon hide in the heavens And the stars are dimmed; And the royage may be lovely
And the way seem long.
Reep your eye on the compass
And you can't go wrong.

Keep your eye on the compass,
It will guide you o'er the deep.
Will show you where the north star is,
And where the flowers sleep
In the sunny south. No matter
If the way seems long.
Keep your eye on the compass
And you can't so wrong.

And you can't go wrong.
-- Cy Warman, in M. Y. Sun-

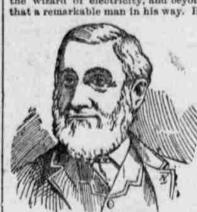
THE obelisks of Egypt were raised nto place by instruments like our The famous bridge constructed by Queen Nitocris at Habylon and described by Diodarus was five furlongs

Fiving buttresses were first em-played to support the roofs of churches. Their origin dates from the thirteenth

Ir is believed that the long-lost Piazsetta column is on the eve of being re-covered, after lying for the best part of eight centuries in the lagoon mud of EDISON'S FATHER.

Atthough Ninety Years of Age, He Is Still as Spry as a Cat. Several days ago a man of patriarchal appearance walked into the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison in Orange, N. Y. Contrary to general custom, he was at once ushered into the great inventor's presence. There was a glad cry of surprise on the part of the latter, ex-periments were forgotten for the moment and the two men wrung each other's hands warmly.

The old gentleman was the father of the wizard of electricity, and beyond that a remarkable man in his way. He



had come from Port Huron, Mich., where he lives, to see his son on a to his home in a few days.

1803, so that he is now in his ninetybody tries to help him in any way and

and by mistake got on a truin that did not stop there. Just as he got to the when he came up to the laboratory. His clothes were torn and his face scratched. He was more crestfallen than hurt, I believe, and said to me: " I tell you, Tom, I wouldn't do it

again for ten dollars.' "He limped around for several days, and then I found out what led him to make the jump. When I was a newsboy in Michigan I always used to jump from the trains, as the depot was about a mile from where my route immenced. I always had several loads of sand dumped at the place and jumped off into that. I did this regularly and got so expert at it that I could jump from trains going forty miles an hour. The old gentleman re-membered it and thought he was able to do the same. He afterward admitted that."

KOSSUTH AT NINETY.

What the Hungarian Patriot Thinks Irish Home Rule. Louis Kossuth, the venerable hero of Hungarian independence, is rising nine-and-eighty, and is a hale-sceming mentally alert old man of picturesquel patriarchal appearance, with ruddy heeks and a flowing white beard while his scant locks are habitually covered by a silk skull-cap. For a quarter of a century he has resided in exile in Turin, where he has practically secluded himself in his books and devoted himself almost entirely to scientific studies. His home there has been in a medieval palace, now in a state of dilapidation. It is more than four decades since he visited the United States to enlist sym-



pathy for the Hungarian cause. He is the last survivor of that band of devoted men whom he led by the power the moon was no, she wasn'ti-don't think of his oratory and his enthusiasm to the moon had risi struggle to keep Hungary free. For (When a felier's got a aweetheart don't she ure that head o' his) when we went to campusetin -- here goes! I that he "was elequent in four languages." He has recently emerge from his seclusion to record his views on the Irish question. He declares that Gladstone's scheme for home rule is a "perfect Utopia." "Ireland," he says, "was conquered by force of arms, and can be delivered only by force of

The Hesslan Fly. The Hessian fly is so called because it was supposed to have been brought from Germany during the revolution ary war, in wheat imported for the use of the Hessian mercenaries in the Brit-

rate of fifteen or twenty miles a year. Safety Lamps for Miners. Safety lamps, for the use of miners were patented in 1815. Now no mine is without them, and many laws have been passed requiring their use in all underground mining operations.

ish army. It has traveled west at the

A Very Old Shingle. A shingle was removed last October from the roof of the Congregational church at Farmington, Conn., where it ad been since 1771.

Extinct on of the Alligator. The report comes again from Florida peedy extermination. It is estimated them have been killed in the last dying in the direction of his lattery slowly, but he grows as long as he lives, and it is said that a twelve-footer sition (without orders) and forced his is at least seventy-five years old. If assailants to retire. But the Sikin

The Doings of a Watch. A watch is said to tick 157,680,000 times in a year, and the wheels travel

# ABSOLUTELY PURE

A BRAVE IRISH SOLDIER.

Rewarded by Queen Victoria for with fresh hope and they fought like Disobeying Ordera

A Memory of the Battle of Sobraon, in the 51kh War of 1847-How Lieut, C--Resented an Insult and Saved Ills Command.

(Special Letter.) Just before the battle of Sobraon, in the Sikh war of 1847, an incident occurred which gives us an idea of the temper of the frish soldier in battle. Sir Hugh Rose, afterwards Lord Gough, was the commander in chief of the gullant little force that was called upon to uphold the honor of the Britpurely business matter, and returned ish flag on that drendful day, when the odds were forty to one against the His name is Samuel Edison, and he Europeans. History tells us how well they did their duty. Foremost on the roll of honor came the Twenty-second first year. His father was one hundred Royal Irish fusileers and the Flying and three years of age when he died, and the old gentleman says it is his intention to break the record. He service). Both amiles moved forward service). Both armies moved forward thinks nothing of walking ten miles a very cautiously. Sir Hugh maneuvered day. He has always been a great ath- for some time, hoping against hope lete and runner. When he was sixty years old he outjumped every man in the Twenty-second Michigan regiment. For two years past he has car- of anxious suspense a figure mounted ried a came, but he gets angry if any on a magnificent white Arab charger body tries to help him in any way and he will not have it that he is old at all. the Sikh lines. He had a white hand-"When he was seventy-six years kereblef tied to his lance and rode up old," said his famous son in speaking to the British lines, unuttended. It

of his father the other day, "he wanted to pay me a visit to Menle park bander to have a visit to Menle park bander to have the famous cavalry bander to leader. He was tall and erect and looked every inch the soldier. His mission was made known to Sir Hugh station and found the train was going Rose. He had come to challenge any through he grabbed his gripsack and man in the Beitish army to single comjumped. He was pretty badly used up but with the sword, the victor to be rewarded by the surrender of the entire army of the opposite side. This extraordinary proposition was of course refected. The excitement caused by this insulting challenge was so great that the

British commander found it necessary

to issue an order, warning officers, all

along the line, not to move from their positions, and to pay no attention to the tannts of the Sikh, whose person should be respected on account of the truce flag he carried. In the mean-time the belligerent Sikh pranced up and down the line on his flery steed and dared any "dog of a Ferringhee" to come out and cross swords with him. No one moved, although many a gallast check turned pale with rage. a parting shot at his enemies, this darr spat upon the ground. "That's what I would d upon your Christian carcass if you had but the courage to face me." The last word had hardly escaped from his lips when the giant figure of a licutement of the Flying Horse artillery of Bengal, mounted on a colossal bay charger, shot out of the raples and rode straight at the insulting foeman. Another moment, and horse and Sikh were rolling in the sand. To wheel his horse about and dash into his place in the ranks was but another moment's work for our gallant licutenant. The astonished and discomfited Silch gathered himself up, mounted his horse and fled to his own lines. As soon as the British soldiers recovered from the paralyzing awe of so flagrant a breach of discipline, and fully realized what had happened, wild "hurrahs" rent the air, and as the well-known sounds caught the ears of the listening Silchs, it sound

ed the death-knell of their hopes. The young soldier who had dared to disabey the orders of his chief was Lieut. C- (we refrain from giving his name, as his unfortunate son is cking out a miserable existence in Florida and would not care to have attention drawn to him). This young glant was a worthy representative of the west of Ireland. Proud as Lucifer,



GOLAR SING ISSUING THE CHALLENGE. orn with a love for fighting, yet as gentle as a woman, he was an exaplification of the great Richelleu's saying: "An Irishman well educated is perhaps the most perfect specimen of civilized human nature." A smlle of satisfaction was detected on Sir Hugh's face, but it was guickly sur-pressed and he sternly ordered Lieut - under arrest.

In the battle which becon within an hour after the incident just related the British suffered severely. Sikhs are noted for desperate valor, and they certainly sustained their rep-utation at Sabreau. The magnificent charges of their splendid envalvy decimated the ranks of the British, but in spite of their dash they were unable to break the squares. The Bongal horse artillery suffered fearfully, also having great difficulty to man the The report comes again from Florida guns, and one of the batteres having that the alligntor is throatened with lost all its officers was in danger of capture by the energy, when suddenly that over two and one-half millions of the tall form of Lieut. C -- was seen lozen years or so. The alligator grows He took command (although under arrest), ordered the battery to a new polet alone their average life is longer are brave men, and again and again than man's. down all around him. The few that remained were exhausted. Liout. Csprang from his horse, threw off his incket, heavy with gold lace, and, roll-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ing up his sleeves, worked one of the guns. His stubborn courage and utter

devils. His battery was here, there

That evening, Sabroan added another

and everywhere, raking the enemy from every side and creating terrible name to the long list of British vic-tories, and, after having performed

prodigies of valor, Lieut. C-quietly returned to arrest. The young soldler was calm and dignified throughout the tedious red tape proceedings of the court-martial, soon afterwards con-vened for his trial. There were two him. First, That he did on the - day of -, 1847, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, disobey the positive orders of the commander in chief, by leaving his post to assault the hearer of a truce flag Second. That he did on the - day of -, 1847, to the prejudice of good order and miliwhile under arrest and take command of resons in the field.

Lieut. C- was too proud to offerang es or explanations in his own behalf When called upon to explain his conduct, he simply said: "Gentlemen. have no excuses or explanations to of Under similar circumstances, would do precisely as I have done To the question of the president of the court-martial; "What have you to say in explanation of your enduct in assuming command of your battery, and directing its move ments in the field, although you had only a few hours previously been placed under arrest?" he replied: "It was my duty as I understood it. At the time thought of nothing but the honor of the fing. I could not bear to see our brave fellows massacred by a parcel of Black-



TAUNTING FORMAN. amoors. My blood was boiling. I could stand it no longer. The battery had the Silchs. I would have suffered hundred deaths before I would have remained inactive and looked upon my battery failing into the hands of an enemy I despise. My place was with my men, not behind them, at a moment when it needed a supreme effort to save from dishonor a flag that I had sworn to defend."

Licut, C- was found guilty of 'disthe enemy," and condemned to be shot He heard his sentence with calm indif-

The finding of the court-martial was nothing more than was looked for, ir military circles, as death is always the penalty for so prone an offense. When, owever, the news reached the ears of civilians there was a perfect howl of indignation, and petition after petition was forwarded to the commander in chief, who placed the matter in a proper light before Queen Victoria. and offered Lieut. C-- his choice be tween the Victoria cross, and a staff appointment to a high position in the government engineering department He chose the latter, and became as distinguished for his scientific attainments as he had been for reckless bravery in the army.

Having fallen a victim to the Indian sun, he now sleeps in an Indian grave, his heroism long since forgotten by an ungrateful world. F. J. CUNNINGHAM.

THE SCHOONER POLLY. Privateer of the War of 1812 That Was a Terror to English Sallers

Built in 1804, and every timber as ound as when she slid down the ways into the arms of Old Ocean for her first embrace! This is true of the schooner Polly now lying near the Harvard bridge, Cambridge side, with cargo of granite. Another fact that should lead all passers on Harvard bridge to gaze with awe and admira tion on the Polly is that she was a privateer in the war of 1812, when she arried twelve guns and was manned by a crew of sturdy sailors who made the a burden for all the English vesfalling in their path. To oldtime shipwrights at Amesbury beogs the eradit of patting together a ch and renworthy a cruft as ever 51.4 foot long, 23 feet white, 6 feet deep and have gross to ampre of 48.37. Her two made and jib boom gave her t e top-mit. The cruft i now rigged with old salls, but bas a new set at iome to use when the brish full winds breaten the strength of the old ones, bosesprit characteristic of old mer heat vessels, but, man whole, has a ern approximes, and would look her clus that might line op for gloon Continued, Me., is the here the Pally Inlin from She ned by L. A. Avery, of divisional, Souton Advertiser.

Tong-You went to see your girl last drick didn't you?

Jorry-Yes. warm's it? Jerry-Not altogether. Her father

# Work Shirt Sale!

We have just closed with a Shirt Manufacturer the biggest Shirt trade that has ever been made perhaps in Southern Ky. There is a story of an overdue bank note and inability to make collections connected with it, but this is of no interest to the public.

### NEXT WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4th,

Men's Blue Flannel Work Shirts, worth \$1.50.

disregard of danger inspired his men with fresh hope and they fought like We Will Sell:

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Men's Good full size Work Shirts, made strong and with yoke, worth 50c.

Sale Price 25c. Men's heavy woven winter Shirts, worth 60c.

Sale Pricd 40c. Men's heavy woolen Overshirts, worth \$1.00.

Sale Price 75c.

Sale Price \$1.00.

### specifications in the charge against Another Thing:

Don't put it off too long and miss seeing those splendid Wool Cassimer Men's \$10.00 Sack Suits we are selling for \$5.00

THEY ARE GOING FAST.

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For 10 Days Only

We will offer extraordinary values in SUMMER GOODS. Cost not considered. This is your last chance, make the best of it.

# Our fellows were outnumbered and exhausted, and the battery was in imminent, danger of being captured by Jas. M. Howe.

(Formerly of Hopkinsville,)

obedience of orders in the presence of 321 Union Street.

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And all goods to be found in the South.

If you want anything in the Jewelry line call and see his stock, or write him what you want-Mail orders will receive special attention.

If your Watch needs repairing send it to him and it will receive prompt and careful attention.



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Junius C. McDavitt.

DENTIST.

Office over Kelly's Jewelry Store,

In our very midst, not in financial circles but in prices. STOCK don't count for much now. We must have "CASHI" and in order to get it we will sell at lower figures than ever quoted here before. We will "DISCOUNT" Voct & Co